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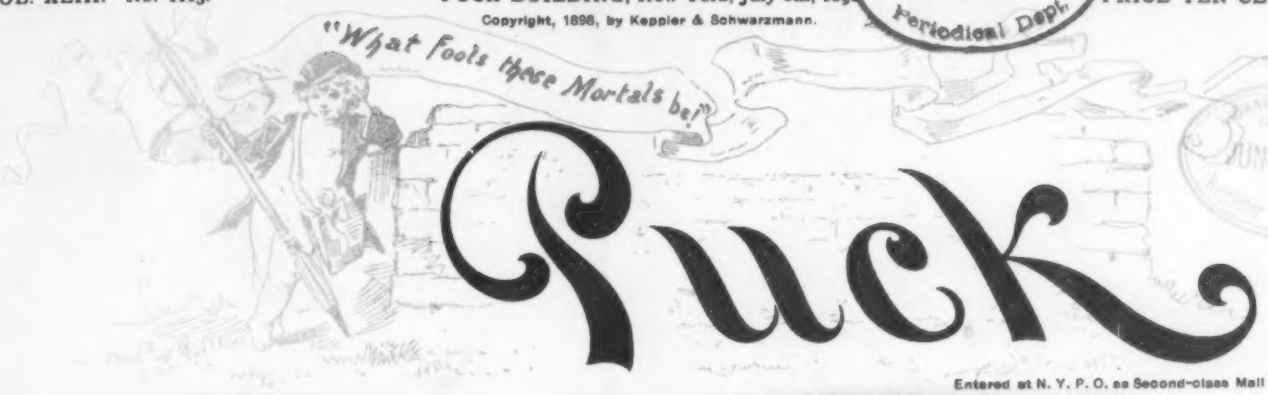

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THE YELLOW PEST—PUTTING ITS NOSE INTO EVERYTHING.

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LOOKING FORWARD.

"I s'pose we 'll have to keep an army in the Philippines all the time."

"Two of 'em; — an army of United States troops and an army of office-holders."

SLOW BUT SURE.

"You said we 'd win in a walk," said the first citizen.

"Er — well," replied the man who predicted that the war would be over in thirty days, "we 're not displaying any unseemly speed, are we?"

HOW CAN THEY KEEP POSTED?

"Here is a most serious charge against the Board of Strategy."

"What is it?"

"It appears that they never read the *Daily Howler*."

IN 1950.

"He 's from somewhere Downeast."

"New England or the Philippines?"

HIS UNENVIABLE POSITION.

"WAR IS a time of terrible uncertainty," remarked the sanctimonious, neck-whiskered traveler, in a gray and husky voice. "Each day we know not what the morrow will bring forth."

"How true!" replied a lank, broken-looking man on the other side of the car, passing his hand wearily across his pale, bulging brow. "Alas! how very true!"

"Ah! then you, too, have a son or brother at the front, or, perchance, some near relative in the navy — from which you long, yet dread, to hear, fearing that the first news you learn of him will be that he has been numbered with the slain? You have my heartfelt sympathy, my friend."

"I need it, sir, although my condition is not such as you have just pictured, but worse, far worse!"

"Why, what can be worse than that?"

"I am the editor of the Answers to Correspondents' column in a country weekly, and, although I have no special dispensation in the way of enlightenment on the subject, my readers are constantly appealing to me to tell them whether the name of Commodore Schley, of the Flying Squadron, is pronounced Sly, Slay, Slah, Slee, Sheigh, Sheely, Shelly, Shaly, Shally, or, at least, seventeen other ridiculous ways; varying the monotony every now and then by asking what has become of the bullet-proof clothing and armor which were so frequently discussed and experimented with, before the war. That is the reason why I have been losing flesh at the rate of a pound a day for the last several weeks."

AN EXPERT.

"Aunt Sally was very much shocked at those reports that the troops have not been properly fed."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes! She says if Uncle Sam would let her do his marketing she 'd guarantee there would be no complaints."

SHELLING.

The shots from the Spaniard's cannon crashed through the seaside hotel.

The guests stirred uneasily in their couches.

"It 's only to-day we paid our bills," they exclaimed, "and we simply won't shell out again; so, there!"

With which they gave themselves over to slumber.

IT IS a singular fact that the man who knows it all usually disagrees with the other man who knows it all.

THE LAST RESORT.

AT LAST I've found a model place
My Summer days to spend,
Where comfort spreads her gentle wings
And pleasures have no end;
Where naughty flies do not molest,
Mosquitos are not seen,
Because, unlike the usual way,
There're no holes in the screen!

The beds are soft as one could wish,
The table is supplied
With choicest meat and freshest fish,
Broiled, roasted, baked or fried.
The fruit is fresh, the salad's crisp,
The milk is thick with cream —
Oh! country tourist, do not stare —
This is not all a dream.

Oh! ye who eat of fruit that's canned,
My luscious store behold:
Fresh peaches from the Occident
And pears like burnished gold.
The apples, too, they are not dried
Like those at "quaint retreats;"
Nor do I trudge down dusty roads,
But walk on smoothest streets.

Ah! men who seek for "country board"
When torrid days depress
And get worked by the villager —
Can't you my secret guess?
I do not hesitate to tell
Why these things I enjoy
When all the woes of rustic life
You foolish folks annoy.

I do not envy those that toss
Upon a mattress hard,
Nor those who dine on hunks of pork
Or liver fried in lard;
My Summer is so full of joy
I do not care to roam,
For "Summer board" does not annoy
The man who stays at home.

Roy L. McCardell.

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MERELY A NOTION.

"Poets," he said, with dignity, "are born, not made."

"A great many of them," said the weary editor, "only imagine they are born so."

CUTTING.

HE. — You appear to be angry with my friend from the West; but you must n't mind what he says. He 's a rough diamond, you know.

SHE. — Then I shall assist in cutting him.

NO PHILOSOPHY will keep a man from falling in love; but love will interfere with a good many kinds of philosophy.

THE MILLS of the gods grind slowly, as a rule, but they sometimes get a move on that paralyzes some of us.

WHERE THE FUN CAME IN.

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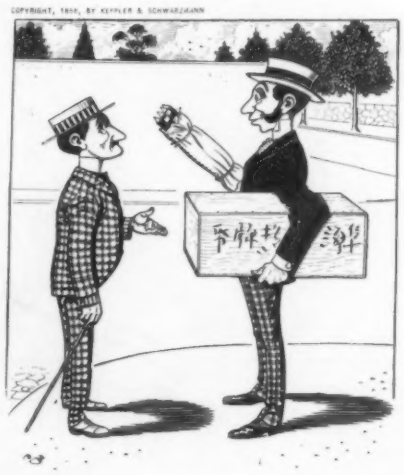


DOBBINS. — Yes, it does seem like burning money up to pay twenty dollars for fireworks, but I believe in doing anything to amuse the family!

DOBBINS *(on the morning of the Fourth)*. — By George! I have n't had so much sport since I was a kid. Bang! Bang! Biff! These cannon-crackers are out of sight. I wonder where Mary and the children are? I bought these things to amuse them. Hurrah for the Fourth of July!

THE CHILDREN *(having sought safety in the garret)*. — Oh, Mother! When will Papa stop that? We are frightened to death?

MRS. DOBBINS. — So am I, dears! He will be through in a couple of hours, I hope!

HIS IDEA.

GRACIE. — What does "bovine" mean?
HER BROTHER. — I think it 's a nickname for a cow.

COMMENCEMENT AT POLKVILLE.

IT WAS commencement day at the Polkville school, in the grand old State of Arkansaw, and the parents and friends of the pupils had gathered in the temple of learning to listen to the efforts of John and Tilly, *et al.*, to get their little orations, essays and compositions out of their systems.

Following the regular order of brief examinations in readin', spellin' and cipherin', came an entertaining programme of special features. The schoolmaster was a plank-shaped pundit who, impartially and without prejudice, taught that the world was either round or flat, according to the individual preferences of the parents of the pupils, and believed in imparting, along with a modicum of regular book-larnin', as much as might be of practical knowledge of the ethics and exigencies of every-day life not to be found in musty tomes. It was with a desire to have them further display their acquirements of this character that he asked, on the tail of a number of questions of similar tenor:

"Now, childern, s'posin' a nigger was to steal a watch, an', bein' hotly pursued, jump into a river an' be instantly swallowed by an alligator; what would you do about it?"

"Lynch the alligator!" replied the pupils, in one voice. And the fathers in the assemblage wagged their heads in approbation. Thar was larnin', by jing! that had some sense to it!

The school glee club rose and delivered themselves of a few spasms of melody. Then little Herky Prime stood on the burning deck whence all but him — small blame to them! — had fled, and told how it happened. After this, Miss Lobelia Snoddy, the crack declaimer of the school declared, with an accompaniment of gestures that would have impressed a stone-deaf auditor with the belief that she was fighting a colony of bumble-bees, that curfew must not ring to-night. And she was right about it!

Several enjoyable numbers followed, among them being another song by the glee club, an impromptu and elaborate fit by Breckenridge Johnson, familiarly known as "Appetite" Johnson, and a reali tic imitation, by little Lafe Rucker, of an oratorically-inclined ramrod informing the audience that they would scarcexpectoneofmy*age!* tospeakinpubliconthestage! Then Jefferson Davis Stang, a Socrates of thirteen, came to the front and promulgated his original composition on the subject of temperance.

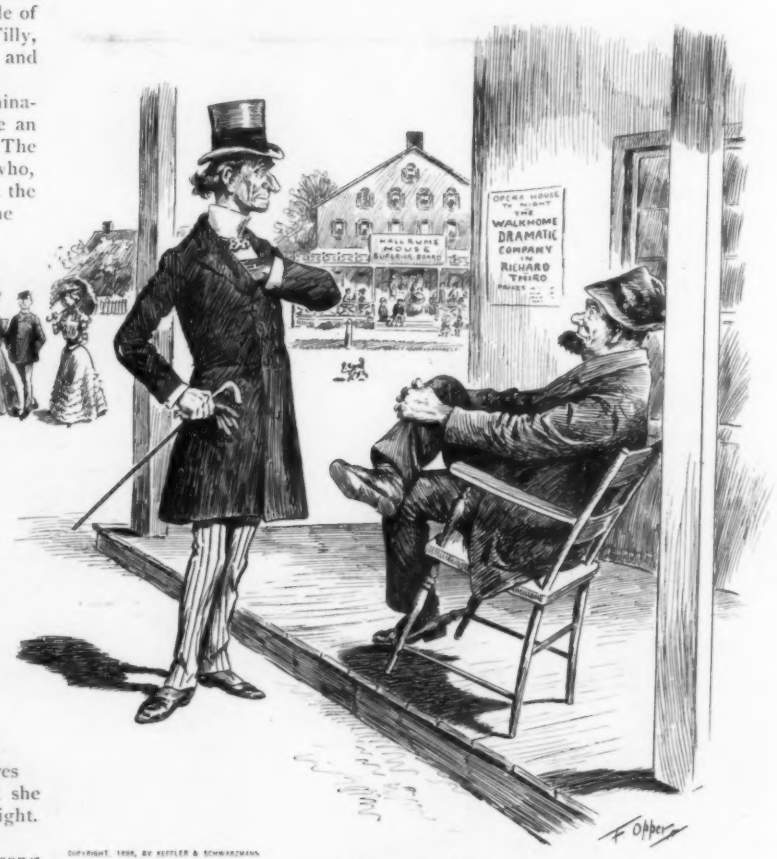
"Temperance," began Jefferson Davis, in a voice admirably fitted for declamatory purposes, "is more profitable than whiskey! Whiskey costs ten cents a glass, an' you can git all the temperance you want for nuthin'. Some men call a drink of whiskey a 'smile,' but I 've noticed that temperance makes their wives smile a heap oftener; an' I hain't lived forever, either!

"Drinkin' whiskey makes a man see all sorts of unpretty things, includin' brindle snakes, red toads an' ravenin' higheeners; but who, oh! who, wants to have a circus-show inside of him continually?. Sober men have considerable of somethin' else to do. Whiskey is a monster that burns great ragged holes in your stummick as large as my hat! Temperance don't. It 's a delusion an' a snare — whiskey is. One drink of it makes you feel good, two drinks make you think you are rich, an' a few more drinks make you believe you are the Duke of Wellington, an' can whip anybody that ever wore hair. That 's whur you git fooled; you go out lookin' for trouble, an' it don't take long for you to find a sober gentleman who has got plenty of it to spare. An' then you sneak home an' tell your poor, abused wife that you met a bear. A temperance man don't have to lie to his wife — he brings the bear home to prove it.

"Whiskey steals away your brains an' don't leave nuthin' in their place. I knowed a man once who got so drunk on election day that he went to the polls an' voted for a Republican; — it like to have killed him when he got sober an' found what he had done; an' it ort to have! A sober man can most gener'ly whip his wife whenever he thinks she needs it, but a drunken husband gits licked quite frequent by the wife of his bosom. From this we should learn to say 'No!' This is all I know about temperance."

This effort was received with thunders of applause. It was followed by another paroxysm by the glee club, after which the audience dispersed on their several homeward ways, feeling that it had indeed been good to be there.

Tom P. Morgan.



NOTHING TO WASTE.

BARNSTORMER TRAGEDIAN. — I represent the dramatic company which is billed to appear here to-night. There is no danger of us getting any decayed vegetables or fruit thrown at us, is there?

LOCAL CONSTABLE. — Not much! The place is chuck full of Summer boarders just now, and we can't spare a bit.

IF.

If I were a dainty humming bird
With quivering, jeweled wings,
I 'd hie where the locust blooms are blurred
And the oriole flaunts and sings;
And when you came tripping by, Sweetheart,
Your locks by the breezes stirred,
I 'd fluttering sip at your red lips' part,
If I were a humming bird.

R. S. P.

ITS STATUS.

LITTLE ELMER.— Papa, what is kleptomania?
PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—The most lucrative form of insanity, my son.

IT IS surprising how many things some people do not learn from experience.

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UNSELFISHNESS.

STOREKEEPER.— What kind of candy do you want, little boy?

BOY.— Something ten fer a cent, so I can give my little sister one.

CALCULATION.

MOTHER.— She had one daughter, who died in her infancy. That was twenty-five years ago.

DAUGHTER.— H'm. The girl would have been about nineteen if she had lived.

STRANGE IF TRUE.

"A deaf man was arrested yesterday—"
So was the morning papers' brief report.
What puzzled me was where they further say:
"He later had his hearing down in court."

HIS EXPERIENCE.

LORD NOPLUNKS.—There are so few people one can really afford to know, you know.

MR. ROCKSLEY.—That 's right; and some of them are mighty expensive acquaintances.

GREAT GESTICULATION.

COHEN.—Dot Grabenheim 's a sparkling conversationalist, aind't he?

LEVY.—He is dot! Di'munt rings on efery finger, so hellup me!

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THE NATURE OF THE COMPLAINT.

"Sam's wife done made him gib up de wheel case he 's got a bicycle heart."

"Fo' de Lawd's sake! How do it affeck him?"

"It done make him git soft on bicycle gals what he met on de road."

COMPARATIVELY.

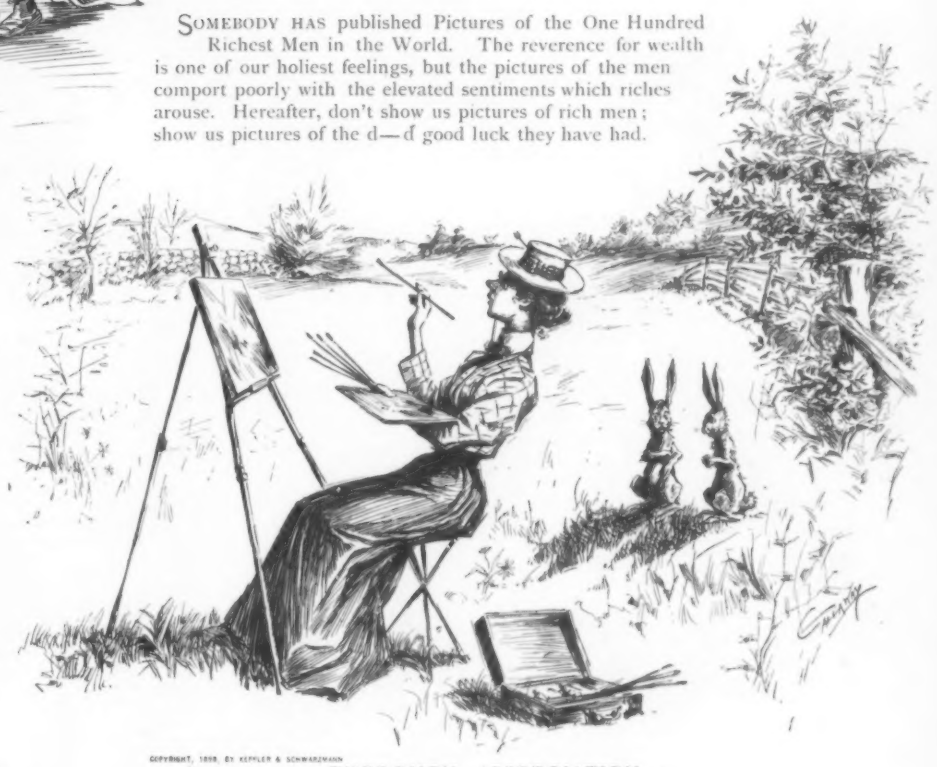
"Is the razor sharp?" asked the barber.

"Comparatively so," said the victim; "it has an edge that would be splendid on a carving knife."

AN APPROPRIATE ANSWER.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—What disease is most fatal to young poultry?
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS' EDITOR.— Methodist ministers.

SOMEBODY HAS published Pictures of the One Hundred Richest Men in the World. The reverence for wealth is one of our holiest feelings, but the pictures of the men comport poorly with the elevated sentiments which riches arouse. Hereafter, don't show us pictures of rich men; show us pictures of the d—d good luck they have had.



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THOROUGH APPRECIATION.

FIRST RABBIT.— Landscape, is it? I can't see the picture from here.

SECOND RABBIT.— It 's great! She has vegetables in it that would make your mouth water.

A FATHER'S VIEW OF THE FOURTH.

I YIELD TO no man in my loyalty, but I must protest against the popular observance of the Fourth of July. Patriotism, I contend, may be exhibited without fireworks, and certainly without an abominable noise. Neither my nerves nor my common sense approve of a demoniac uproar —

"No! Put out the flags, of course; but tell the children that they are to have no crackers nor torpedos. Let them buy candy."

It is a Chinese idea, and I am down on the Chinese. They are always claiming things that we have invented. Besides, it is silly. Any fool can make a noise, even at a funeral.

"Well, let them have red lights, but only one apiece. The next-door children have a dozen? Get them a dozen, then. We must n't look mean."

My idea of a proper celebration is to go off somewhere and listen to an oration, take a row in a boat, or a sail, and wind up with ice-cream and cake. There is something sensible about such a —

"Cousin Charley has given each of the children a pack of crackers, has he? I suppose they are some of the cheap kind; last year's, no doubt. Thinks he 's doing the grand. Go around the corner and get a box — the best kind. I allow no one to patronize my children."

To say nothing of the expense, which is more than most parents can afford, there is the danger to property. If the authorities did their duty, there would be no danger, and a man would not be kept on a nervous strain from morning to night. Every time I hear an explosion —

"They won't go off? They don't know how to light the fuse properly. Tell them to twist two or three together, and every once in a while let off a whole pack. That 's the way I did when a boy, and crackers don't cost half as much now."

I have n't the figures at hand, but the aggregate loss is something tremendous. The money thus lost would buy I don't know how many loaves of bread. Then there is the danger to life and limb. What would I think of myself if one of my children —

"I never heard of such dumbness! What 's the reason Johnny can't fire the cannon? He does n't know how to ram it. I 'll just take a look at it. There! that 's the way to load it. Now, touch it off. Won't go off, won't it? Now, don't bother me any more."

The only excuse I can find for such barbarous celebration is the comparative newness of our people. We are raw, uncivilized, and our children —

"Confound it! How can I write with these constant interruptions? It is astonishing that the children can not shoot crackers, squibs, torpedos and other trifles without my supervision. Tell them to get more powder while I hunt up my revolver and the blank cartridges. Get Susie some giant torpedos. If a man has to go through this infliction once a year, he might as well do it up brown. Get them anything they want, and we 'll show the neighbors what an old-time celebration is like. I was n't born free and independent for nothing!"

Sidney.

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PREPARED FOR ATTACK.

MRS. MOTHERLEE.—Why, Uncle Bob! What are you doing?

UNCLE BOB.—Why, I want to take a nap out here under this tree, and I am not taking any chances of your boys putting one of those cannon crackers under my chair!

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SARCASM FROM THE BOX.

MRS. SHOPPERTON. — Now, James, drive to Styles & Price's, on Fifth Avenue.

JAMES.—Yes, Ma'am. *(sotto voce.)* Well, the lugs of that woman! I 'll bet if this horse was left to himself he 'd go straight to the nearest bargain sale!

A REASON FOR DOING SO.

MAMA.— Now do try to keep clean!

JOHNNY.— So as I won't have to get washed?

A GENUINE POSER.

"Ma, wuz you a bride when you had this photograph taken?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Well, Ma, if you wuz as pretty as that, what made you go an' marry Pa?"

NO TIME FOR HESITATION.

"Be my wife!" he implored.
She hesitates, casting down her eyes.
Silly girl!
For she is not being asked to sing.

WORTH MORE.

CUSTOMER.—Why do you charge more for these cannon crackers than the others? They look alike.

CLERK.— But only about half of these explode.

A FOURTH OF JULY VERSION—The burnt dog dreads the fire-crackers.

WHEN SOME people attempt to stand on their dignity it shows a tendency to sag.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PUCK ORATES FOR JULY 4TH.

FELLOW CITIZENS! This is your one hundred and twenty-second birthday. Let us have a few words about it. Amid the screaming of what is not infrequently described as the proud bird of freedom let us turn from what we are doing to what we have done; and from that to what we shall do. It may profit us.

* * *

Spain once pawned her jewels to discover our land. Possibly she will have soon to pawn them again to defray the expenses of discovering our people. But that is incidental. It is only vital to-day that we should know we have discovered ourselves. We have done great works. The Father of his Country, when he was biggest with pride in his infant offspring, could hardly have foredreamed our growth. Probably he felt, when he left us, that we were nearing maturity. Yet steam and electricity were still secrets of Nature, and a few miles to the West was a wilderness less known than any part of Africa to-day.

* * *

One important truth, however, our revered parent had so fully mastered that we know it no better to-day, in theory, than he knew it; and that is that certain ways of taxation are unjust and will not be submitted to by a people. It is one of those elemental truths that come even more readily to the unschooled savage than to civilized man. Some benighted natives of the west coast of Africa asserted it only the other day when they slaughtered a band of missionaries. The carriers of civilization into that region had sought to wean them from cannibalism, and had, at the same time, sought to impose upon them that more refined and more pernicious form of cannibalism—taxation without representation; and the natives slew as many as they could of them with the same indignant fervor that our patriot fathers slew the British under similar provocation. This instinct of rebellion against wrongful taxation burns in all breasts. Our friends the Cubans are fighting in obedience to it. Our farmer friends in the West obeyed it two years ago, although they proposed a ridiculous and complicated and inadequate remedy instead of the very simple one that would have sufficed. The intelligence with which man has obeyed this instinct has been the measure of his enlightenment and well-being in all times. We have been remarkably faithful to it, considering our youth. But we do not want to forget that other people have also been learning its potency during these last one hundred and twenty-two years. And this leads to a few nuggets of wisdom concerning our future.

* * *

What chiefly bothers the most of you to-day is the matter of our future growth. Are we to expand? Are we to govern colonies of strange peoples in far seas? If you can take my word for it you may dismiss this problem without ceremony. It is of small importance whether we pick up islands here and there or not; and for this reason: governing colonies was once a remunerative trade. It is not so any longer; and, indeed, it is apt to be attended with serious loss. You have only to look around the world to prove this. It is so because the meanest colony nowadays holds to the notion that all government must be by and with the consent of the governed,—a notion for whose vitality we are largely responsible. If we take over a colony and govern it at a profit, that is, draw unwilling tribute from it, we shall have merely a costly rebellion on our hands, soon or late. And if we may not govern it at a profit, why govern it at all? Why not let it govern itself? You may think, right in the face of history, that it can be done at a profit. Spain thought so, too. Why need the experiment be repeated?

* * *

Whether we are to expand or not is a little question of to-day that will, however we decide it, be dead to-morrow. The fact for all time is that no colony or people can be of any advantage to us except in the righteous way of commerce, as market and merchant. If we have a mission outside of our present bounds, it is to see that all peoples have this privilege, even if it takes shooting to secure it. Especially is it our concern to open markets for the products of our fields and factories. The American battle-ship is an admirable and potent piece of mechanism; but the American merchantman, if your eyes can range beyond to-morrow, is far more imposing, more vital to our own well-being and more potent in the destinies of mankind. Our exports of farm stuff for the fiscal year just ended exceed $800,000,000, or more than $130,000,000 above the best previous year in our history. Our exports of manufactured products have increased in still greater proportion. This is the meat of our progress.

* * *

These are the things for you to ponder to-day. They are solider than war. If you ponder them well you will come to a new and true and more vivid sense of your country's greatness, and you will take this for your war-cry: "Give us entry to the markets of a people and we care not who make their laws." It is a new cry, I know, but that "increasing purpose" that runs through the ages demands it. Think it over. I wish you many happy returns of the day.

PUCK.

WAR'S GIFT.

LOVE MET grim War, who barred the way,
Smiled at the arrow's stings,
And, reaching out, without delay,
He clipped the small god's wings.

"Alas!" cried Love, "no maiden hearts
Will ever now be mine.
They fell before my feathered darts
Because I seemed divine."

"Fear not," said War, "for other things
Will bring hearts to your nets.
I only took away your wings
To give you epaulets!"

Ella Randall Pearce.

IN CHICKAMAUGA.

PRIVATE JONES.—I wish they would n't give us quite so much pork.

PRIVATE BROWN.—Yes; I 'm beginning to hate the Yankee pigs as much as the Spaniards do.

BROADWAY.—I think our Board of Strategy is a failure.

MANHATTAN.—Oh! you are mistaken! They are making great progress. They managed to outwit the reporters yesterday.

JUSTICE IS blindfolded, but Spain has not been able to keep out of her way.

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COMPLETE INFORMATION.

MAGAZINE EDITOR.—Can't you send us an article on how you came to write your first successful book?

DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.—I can give it to you right now;—I was frightfully short and I had to do something.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

CELEBRATING JULY 4th, 1898 — "THE TRIUMP

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E TRIUMPH OF THE AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP."

BITS OF HISTORY.

(The following paragraphs were clipped from the Eagletown Repository, and discovered in a Scrap-book. PUCK desires to give due credit to both the Repository and the Scrap-book.)

JULY 4, 1876.—The Fourth was gloriously celebrated by our citizens yesterday. The parade was the grandest affair that ever followed a band. Hon. Alexander Buncomb was the marshal of the day, and a soldierly figure he made on his fiery steed. The Hon. Buncomb addressed a large gathering at the fair grounds, his words making the woods ring with eloquence, heavy laden with patriotism. Every man and boy present felt the inspiration of the occasion, and rallied around the flag with the devotion of their forefathers.

JUNE 12, 1878.—The graduating class of the Eagletown public schools was addressed last evening by the Hon. Alexander Buncomb, whose theme was patriotism. Patriotism, he said, is that stuff which men are willing to back with their lives. The speaker regretted that his youth had kept him out of the war of the rebellion, and said that if the opportunity ever comes, he is going to fight for his country, which is about all a man finds worth fighting for. The audience sympathized with the Hon. Buncomb in not having had a chance to offer his life to the nation. The graduating students were advised to always keep their country's cause ahead of them.

JANUARY 4, 1880.—Eagletown was highly honored last Thursday in having one of her most representative citizens, the Hon. Alexander Buncomb, called upon to address the State convention at the capital. The Hon. Buncomb made one of his characteristic speeches, and by a patriotic outburst had everyone on his feet. He referred to the argument that has arisen with England, and said that if the nation's honor is assailed, he will be one of the first men to lead a regiment from this State. The Hon. Buncomb showed them what kind of patriots we raise down here in Riverside County, and if old Johnny Bull will just read his speech he can get an idea what is in store for him if he does n't quit his foolishness.

MAY 30, 1886.—The principal speaker at the Memorial Day services at the cemetery yesterday was the Hon. Alexander Buncomb. His peroration was one of the grandest ever delivered in a graveyard, and it sent the thrills running down the backs of young men, while the old ones wept. He said in part:

"Standing on this consecrated ground, we remember that the patriotism that inspired the heroic dead is not passed away. We remember that they died for a country—for a flag—and that we who are living and young may be called upon to defend that nation and that flag. So, standing here in this solemn place, I say to you that we who are living, we whom fate kept from fighting the battle of our country, have not forgotten the lesson taught; that we stand ready to die as they died, to fight as they fought."

NOVEMBER 10, 1897.—A rousing meeting in behalf of struggling Cuba was held at the Eagletown Opera House last night, and not another such audience has assembled in the house since Ada Gray appeared here in "East Lynne." It was a great occasion. The band played "America," and "On the Banks of the Wabash." The enthusiasm was unbounded. The Hon. Alexander Buncomb was chairman of the meeting, and his speech was the leading one of the evening. He finished at 10:30. During his address, the Hon. Buncomb said that Cuba must be free, and he said it as if he meant it. He censured the administration severely for not recognizing the independence of the island. It was a stirring speech, indeed, and many mothers left the hall in tears, for the words of the orator had pictured a battlefield baptized with the blood of a nation's sons.

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A DISTINCTION.

"I thought she was an expert swimmer."
"Why, no! She can't swim at all. But she 's an expert bather!"

FEBRUARY 10, 1898.—War with Spain seems mighty probable. Such is the opinion of the Hon. Alexander Buncomb, who is a student of diplomacy. He says only a sudden and complete backdown on the part of Spain can prevent hostilities. To be prepared for war is one of the best ways to prevent it, says Mr. Buncomb. Believing that war is inevitable, Mr. Buncomb to-day sent the following message to the President:

Can raise a full regiment for the war with Spain. Wire me if you need me. My best efforts and my life belong to my country.
Hon. Alexander Buncomb.

When it comes to patriotism you can't lose Eagletown. She is right in line, and will have one of the first regiments to the front.

MAY 12, 1898.—Company D, Second Regiment, Captain Smith commanding, left for the front this morning. It was a sad parting. Captain Smith has been employed at the Pea Green Grocery, and is one of the most popular young men in town. His company is composed of the flower of Eagletown. A great crowd was at the station long before the special train arrived. On behalf of the citizens, the Hon. Alexander Buncomb bade the boys good-by, bidding them to remember that America's flag has never yet been lowered. Mr. Buncomb's words were affecting, and brought tears to many eyes as they recalled that the best young men of Eagletown are going to the front, to die, if necessary, that right, as interpreted by this nation, shall prevail. The Hon. Buncomb was congratulated on his little effort, which really was one of the warmest speeches ever spoken without notes.

C. K. M.

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SHE KNEW.

HIRAM *(describing his trip to the city)*.—I went inter the store an' got in one uv them things that take you right up tew the roof in a jiffy—what d' yer call 'em, Marthy?

MARTHA.—Them 's shop-lifters.

SOME SPECIAL DESPATCHES.

PARIS.—It is stated here on the highest authority, that hereafter the French Navy will give special attention to target practice.

BERLIN.—A German admiral told me yesterday that the German Navy will hereafter give special attention to target practice.

ST. PETERSBURG.—I was informed by an intimate friend of the Czar that, hereafter, the Russian Navy will give special attention to target practice.

LONDON.—A well-known member of the House of Commons is authority for the statement that hereafter the British Navy will give special attention to target practice.

MADRID.—After the war the Spanish Navy will be reorganized, and will give some attention to target practice.

WASHINGTON.—After the war the American Navy will keep up its target practice.

1899.

"Going to Europe this year?"

"No, sir! I believe a man should see his own country first. I 'm going to visit the Philippine Islands."

TIES OF BLOOD.

"What are you doing, Maria?"

"Oh, Henry! you know that fifty years ago my grandmother's brother George married a Spanish woman in Porto Rico, and I 'm writing to Admiral Sampson to please not to kill any of my relatives."

HARD TIMES IN CHICAGO.

SNIFF.—Well, how do you like living in Chicago?

SNARLE.—Oh! just middlin'. The fly got in our wheat, and the dry weather is fairly raisin' Cain. There 's to be a meetin' at the city hall next week to discuss some plan to irrigate the South Side.

HIS SCHEME.

"Bluffer seems to be deeply interested in the war."

"Oh, yes! He talks of getting up a torchlight parade of non-combatants to endorse the men at the front."

MAY.—Take care! My press censor is watching us.

JACK.—Your who?

MAY.—My chaperon, of course!

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EVIDENCE.

"Yes, sir; the man was arrested on suspicion of being a Spanish spy."

"What gave rise to the suspicion?"

"He was found in a street-car without a newspaper."

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."
From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:

Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me.
Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE) has stood the test of thirty-five years' trial. It has written endorsements from more than 8000 American physicians, in addition to having received cordial recommendations from royalty, princes of the Church and of the State, and many notable personages.

MARIANI WINE is a tonic prepared upon careful scientific principles. It contains absolutely no injurious properties. It gives power to the brain, strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It has been aptly described as a promoter of good health and longevity.

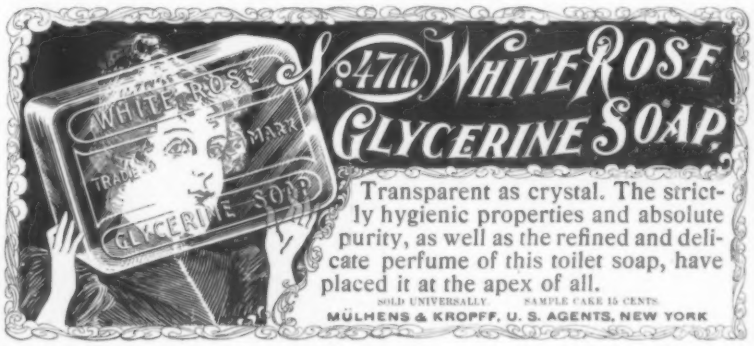
MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other interesting matter.

ALL DRUGGISTS. *AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.*

PARIS: 41 Boulevard Haussmann. LONDON: 83 Mortimer Street. MONTREAL: 28-30 Hospital Street.



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25c. a Bundle, 10 in Bundle.
Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

EVERY one has something ancestral, if it is nothing more than a disease.—*Atchison Globe.*

The Merit of absolute PURITY, fine BOUQUET and moderate PRICE has brought

Great Western

to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafés.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

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SOLE MAKERS,
RHEIMS, - N. Y.

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A Summer Outing

of rest, recreation and continuous pleasure can be enjoyed at Gogebic, Waukesha, Madison, Devil's Lake, Green Lake, Lake Geneva, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Marquette, Lake Minnetonka, Yellowstone Park, Dakoto Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake and in the mountains of Colorado, Utah, and California. Perfect train service ministers to your comfort.

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CALIFORNIA IN 3 DAYS
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PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:
NEW YORK, 461 Broadway. BOSTON, 368 Washington St. CHICAGO, 212 Clark St.

SUE BRETTE. — You say Fred's new piece is coining money on the stage?

FOOTE-LIGHT.—Yes.

SUE BRETTE. — What 's the name of it?

FOOTE-LIGHT. — The Counterfeiter. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

A ROXBURY lawyer is so anxious to avoid telling a lie that when he places on his office door a sign reading, "Will Return at Four o'clock," he loafs on the street rather than get back to the office before the time indicated on the sign arrives. —*Roxbury Gazette.*

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NO PARVENU.

SOCIAL SCIENTIST.—Is it true that your ancestors have been criminals for some generations back?

CONVICT.—Dat 's right, boss. I guess you won't find nobody in dis institootion wid a longer pedigree dan me.

Inactive liver, depressed spirits — make both right with Abbott's — the Original Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

Lord Coleridge thought *Cook's Imperial Champagne* the best he ever tasted. Ordered fifteen cases to prove his opinion.

Those Fine English Tobaccos
Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.
Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England,
and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.
J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

"WHAT 's that extra about? Contradiction that the *Yale* was captured?"

"No; that was an hour ago. This is a contradiction of the contradiction that there had been any contradiction of the report."—*Yale Record.*

THE sweet girl graduate-elect is now wrestling with Greek and Roman history preparatory to concocting a rhetorical apology to exhibit some of the season's best finery in feminine wearing apparel. —*Adams Freeman.*

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodak Photography Is Easy Photography

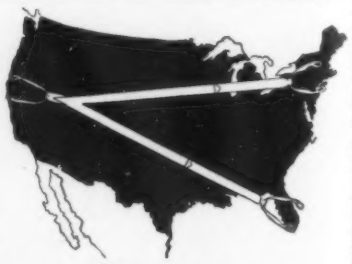
All 1898 Kodaks use our light-proof film Cartridges and can be Loaded in Daylight.

$5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free at agencies or by mail. EASTMAN KODAK CO. Rochester, N. Y.

THERE is no more feeling in shaking hands with a school girl than in grabbing a fish's tail.—*Atchison Globe.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS.
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



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AN APOLOGY.

The Spaniard sighed, "my latest fight
I fear won't bear analysis;
My weapons would n't work aright
Because of pen paralysis."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

10 YEARS OLD.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

The Best Whiskey in America.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

It's your own fault
if you drink the bottled ales that are flat, full of dregs and sediment.

To see your error
look through a bottle of Evans', note its sparkling clearness, and then drain the bottle to the last drop —thereafter

Do as you please
but remember you are responsible for all you know.

Every dealer sells it.

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OF THE
AWARD ON **GILLOTT'S PENS**
AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

HIS IDENTITY.

LITTLE MRS. NEWBRIDE.—Are n't you the poor man to whom I gave a large piece of my cake last week?

HARD KNOX.—No 'm. I 'm his ghost.

Solvent Power of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Nature's Antidote to Uric Acid Poisoning

Dr. C. H. Davis, *of Meriden, Conn., reports in "New England Medical Monthly."*

"Mr. R. L. Roys, of this city, consulted me about two years ago for **Stone** in the **Bladder, from which he had been suffering for years.** On my suggestion as he he commenced the use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was very much opposed to operative interference. **After using the Water for a short time, disintegration** to a certain extent took place and **large quantities of stone were passed. For several days in succession he passed as much as a teaspoonful of the debris, and at intervals for a considerable period he passed large quantities,** and under the continued use of the Water **there was a constant passage of Calculi until he was entirely relieved."**

"The photograph herewith is a correct representation and exact size of some of the largest specimens of calculi discharged by Mr. Roys. A chemical and microscopical analysis showed that they are URIC ACID with a trace of the Oxalate of Lime."

Possessing the power to disintegrate and eliminate Uric Acid in the form of Calculi, it goes without saying that it is equally potent as a **preventive** of the accumulation of **Uric Acid** or its **Salts** in the system, constituting it both a powerful remedy for and **preventive** of all **Uric Acid Poisoning,** embracing **Gout, Lithæmia, Rheumatism, Calculi, Bright's Disease, Herpetiform Neuralgic Affections, Nervous Depression, Nervous Irritability,** some forms of **Dyspepsia** and **Asthma, Eczemas and undefinable ills without end. Pimples, Blotches** and other **facial eruptions** due to excess of **Uric Acid** are not only removed by this Water, but it imparts **a smoothness** and **softness to the skin,** and **a clearness to the complexion not to be obtained from any of the cosmetics of the shops.**

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on application.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.
Springs open for guests from June 15th to Oct. 1st.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

"DOES my whistling disturb you?"

"Oh! not in the least. I 'm used to hearing men whistle. I 'm a collector for a millinery house."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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The irksomeness of camp-life may be mitigated to a great extent by a generous supply of wholesome reading matter, and nothing is better for this purpose than PUCK.

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MANILA straw hats will be the patriotic thing this Summer season. One thing will be certain, this sort of patriotism will be something to blow about. —*Adams Freeman.*

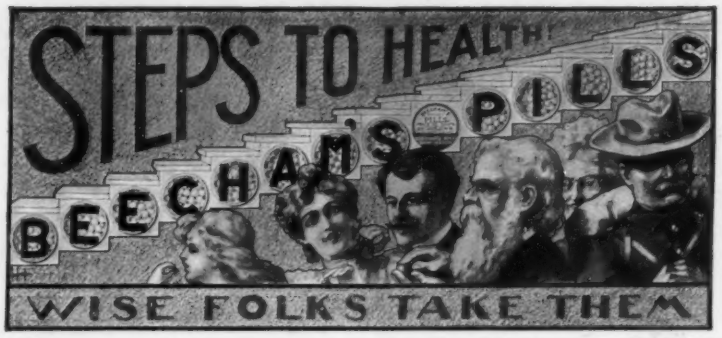
FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

SAME RESULT.

"The small town where you live is very healthy, is n't it?"

"No; it is n't so healthy; but it is so hard to make a dollar there that nobody can afford to be sick."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AFTER a man has owed you money as long as two years, he begins to believe the account is not right. At the end of three years, he thinks you are a thief. —*Atchison Globe.*



RYMAN.—I have several fine poems at home that I wrote myself.

SHOPMAN.—Why don't you send them to some of the newspapers?

RYMAN.—I did. —*Roxbury Gazette.*

WHEN a weak man makes a blunder, he tries to cover it by saying he could have done nothing else and remained "true to his manhood." — *Atchison Globe.*

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SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

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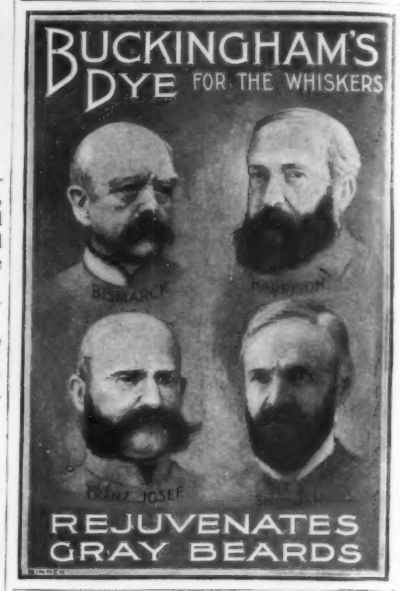
A BUSINESS SECRET.

SAM SING (*complainingly*).—Times vely hard—Ilish takin' alle washee-washee away flom Chinaman—no can und'stlan!

MRS. RILEY (*to herself*).—Shure, af thim haythin divils knew enough to use PEARLINE, they 'd be ahl right; but it 's not th' loikes o' me to shtroike an unpatriotic blow at Amerikin labor by infarmin' thim!

BILL.—What 's the difference between base-ball and foot-ball?

JILL.—Why, in base-ball one player only threatens to break every bone in the other fellow's body; in foot-ball he does it without any threat.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS.

CONFIDING SON.—Mother, what 's the best way to propose to a girl?

MOTHER.—When the right girl comes along, my son, you won't need any advice.—*New York Weekly.*

YOU HAVE ABANDONED YOUR TRIP TO EUROPE

YOU WANT TO GET YOUR FAMILY AWAY FROM THE COAST AND SPANISH FLOTILLAS..... WHY NOT SEE THE GREAT WEST...

THE CLIMATE AND ATTRACTIONS OF CALIFORNIA ARE DELIGHTFUL IN SUMMER.... GO THERE. OR

VISIT GLORIOUS COLORADO. TAKE IN THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA.

RENEW YOUR HEALTH AT LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS. NEW MEXICO.

INQUIRE OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILWAY AGENTS...

CHRISTIAN CHARITY

CLERK.—Lady out there with a flashy paste necklace wants to know whether it 's a pure diamond or not.

JEWELER.—Look like a married woman?

CLERK.—Yes.

JEWELER.—Tell her it is. No use makin' trouble for poor husbands these hard times.—*New York Weekly.*

THE world is full of ridiculous customs. One of the worst is kissing. When two people kiss because they think it is their duty, it never tastes right.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

Inebriety—A Disease.

Inebriety, Morphine and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system. The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will-power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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New Orleans, La., 2507 Magazine St.
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Newark, N. J., 745 High St.
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Address the Institute nearest you.

Keeley Catechism sent on application.

"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.

WHICH WAS THE EXPONENT OF CULTURE?

THE GUEST (*an art connaisseur*).—Superb! Simply elegant!

HOSTESS.—I'm glad you like it. Soups are my hobby.

THE GUEST.—Bah! I meant the tureen!—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

IT has come to pass that a man who can talk whist must take his playthings and go home.—*Atchison Globe.*

The officers in the American Navy know all about *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters, and are never without that world-renowned tonic and regulator of the digestive organs.

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR BARBER. PRICE 50 CENTS | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.

A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN; AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

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"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

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Sozodont

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

A Sample Phial for the postage, three cents. If you mention this publication. Address, P. O. Box 247, New York City.

Reduced Rates to Nashville via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Christian Endeavor Convention.

On account of the Christian Endeavor International Convention, to be held at Nashville, Tenn., July 5 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets of the continuous-passage, ironclad signature form, from stations on its line to Nashville, at rate of *single fare for the round trip.* Tickets will be sold, and good going, July 2 to 5; returning, tickets will be good to leave Nashville to July 15, inclusive, except that by depositing ticket with agent of terminal line at Nashville on or before July 15, return limit may be extended to leave Nashville to August 1, 1898, inclusive.

A DOUBTFUL PROGRAMME.

"Remember," said the kind-faced gentleman, "the only proper way to get on in life is to begin at the bottom and try to work up."

"Well," rejoined the member of the Washington ball club, "ain't that what we 've been doing all these years?"—*Washington Star.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

CHEW

Beeman's

The Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

Established in 1876.

MAJOR'S CEMENT

Price 15c. and 25c. per Bottle.

Specially prepared for household purposes. Mends anything that breaks. Meerschaum Pipes, Tipping Billiard Cues. Just the thing to fasten the end of a bandage; also, to stick it to the skin to keep it in position.

MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT

A wonderful sticker. No bicyclist should be without it. For repairing Rubber Boots, Shoes, Rubber Garments, Silk Umbrellas. **15 cents.**

MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

Of surprising adhesive power. Boots and shoes and articles of Leather. **15 cents.**

At druggists and housefurnishing stores, or by mail free of Postage.

BEWARE!!! Take No Substitute.

MAJOR CEMENT CO., 461 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., Montreal.

THE SAME GAME IN A DIFFERENT SPHERE.

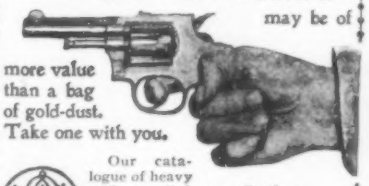
FIRST BUNCO STEERER *(disgustedly).*—We 'll have to try some other game. These countrymen are all on. Let us work de city people.

SECOND BUNCO STEERER *(surprised).*—City people! Bunco city people? How?

FIRST BUNCO STEERER.—We will open an antique furniture store.

KLONDIKE NECESSITIES

A SMITH & WESSON Revolver may be of more value than a bag of gold-dust. Take one with you.



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AN ENGLISHMAN WHO WANTS TO FIGHT.

Among the numerous arrivals of British subjects that are seeking service under the American banner is R. Farmer Leland, who measures scant six feet and weighs nearly two hundred pounds. He shows papers granting him an honorable discharge from an English regiment of troopers. Mr. Leland wants to go to Cuba, and as far as tropical fevers are concerned he claims to be immune.

Said Mr. Leland: "The first thing that hits a man in tropical swamps is dysentery, but we put Angostura bitters in our drinking water and dosed ourselves with quinine, and although my regiment had just been ordered out and the men were pretty green, the fevers did n't bother us much. The English surgeons are great believers in Angostura and quinine, and in the tropics the men are dosed on these drugs continually on general principles."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

VISITOR. — You are a little mite, Willy; now tell me when you grow up, what will you be?

WILLY *(after pausing a few seconds).* — I 'll be bigger.—*Adams Freeman.*

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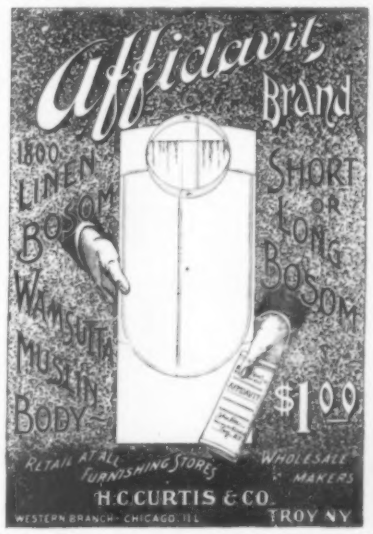
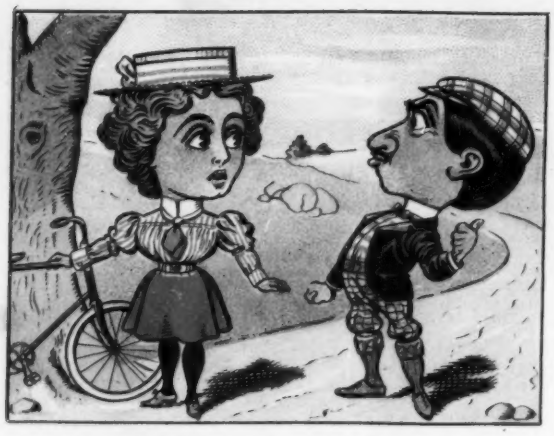


PARTIALLY POSTED.

INQUIRING SPECTATOR *(at the races).* —Which horse was it that won?

SPECULATIVE SPECULATOR *(gloomily).* — I don't know the name of the horse that won; but I know the names of most of the horses that did n't win. —*New York Weekly.*



TOM VAN BYKE *(heatedly)*.—You say you can never be my wife? That you do not love me? Then, Miss Wheeler, it is of no use our continuing this ride further: We will return.

(Between his teeth).—"I will be revenged for her trifling. I will run right into this mudhole we are coming to. I don't care about myself, but I 'll make her look a sight."

MISS WHEELER *(in alarm)*.—Oh! look where you are going, please.
TOM VAN BYKE *(with a stage-villain laugh)*.—Ha! Ha!

"Good heavens! I did n't know this place went down so abruptly and so deep."

MISS WHEELER.—Oh! I don't know, Mr. Smarty!

"You got yourself into the hole, get out the best way you can. I can take care of *myself*. There is a railroad station within a few steps."

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